THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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BY

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B and Third sts. .

Capitol Hill:

SELECTED TALES.

From the Southern Literary Magazine.

LOOSING AND WINNING.

It was a bright and beautiful and autumnal evening. The earth was clad in a garb of the richest and brightest hues—and the clear cerulean of the heavens gave place near the setting sun to a glowing 'saffron color,' over which was hung a most magnificent drapery of crimson clouds. Farther towards both the north and south was suspended here and there a sable curtain fringed with gold, folded as but one hand could fold them. They seemed fitting drapery to shroud the feet of him, who 'rideth upon the wings of the wind.'

Such was the evening in which Edward Cunningham conducted his fair bride into the mansion prepared for her reception. But had both earth and heaven been decked with tenfold splendor, their beauty and magnificence would have been lost on him—for his thoughts, his affections, his whole being were centred in the graceful creature that leaned on his arm, and whom he again and again welcomed to his new abode—her future home. He forgot that he still moved in a world that was groaning under the pressure of unnumbered evils—forgot that earthly joy is oft times but a dream, a fantasy, that vanishes like the shadow of a summer cloud that flits across the landscape, or as the morning vapor before the rising sun—forgot that all on this side of heaven is fleeting, and changeable, and false In his bride, the object of his fondest love, he felt that he possessed a treasure whose smile would be unclouded sunshine to his soul—whose society would make another Eden bloom for him.

It was about six short months since he first saw her who was now his wife—and for nearly that entire period he had been in a 'delirium of love,' intent only on securing her as his own. He had attained his object, and life seemed spread before him a paradise of delight, blooming with roses, unaccompanied by thorns.

Joy and sorrow, in this world, dwell side by side. In a stately mansion, two doors only from the one that had just received the joyful bridegroom and happy bride, dwelt one who had been four weeks a wife. On that same bright evening she was sitting in the solitude of her richly furnished chamber, her elbows resting on a table, her hands supporting her head while a letter was spread before her, on which her eyes, blinded by tears, were riveted. The letter was from her husband. He had been gone nearly three weeks, in which time she had heard from him but once, and then only by a verbal message—The letter that lay before her had just arrived, it was the first that she had ever received from her husband, and ran thus.

'Mrs: Westbury—Thinking you might possibly expect to see me at home this week, I write to inform you that business will detain me in New York sometime longer.

Yours, &c. Fred'k Westbury.

For a long time the gentle, the feeling Julia, indulged her tears and her grief without restraint. Again and again she read the laconic epistle before her, to ascertain what more might be made of it than at first met the eye. But nothing could be clothed in plainer language or more easily understood. It was as brief, and as much to the point as those interesting letters which debtors sometimes receive from their creditors, through the agency of an attorney. 'Did ever youthful bride,' thought she, 'receive from her husband such a letter as this. He strives to show me the complete indifference and coldness of his heart towards me. Oh, why did I accept his hand, which was rather his father's offering than his own! Why did I not listen to my reason, rather than my fond and foolish heart, and resist the old man's reasonings and pleading? Why did I believe him when he told me I should win his son's affection! Did I not know that his heart was given to another! Dear old man, he fondly believed his Frederick's affections could not long be withheld from one whom he himself loved so tenderly—and how eagerly I drank in his assurance! Amid all the sorrow that I felt, while kneeling by his dying bed, how did my heart swell with undefinable pleasure, as he laid his hand already chilled by death, upon my head gave me a parting blessing, and said that his son would love me! Mistaken assurance? ah, why did I fondly trust it! Were I now free!—would I then have the knot untied that makes me his for life! Not for a world like this!—No, he is mine and I am his—by the laws of God and man, we are one. He must sometimes be at home, and an occasional hour in his society will be a dearer bliss than this world can bestow beside. His father's blessing is still warm at my hear.! I still feel his hand on my head? Let me act as he trusted I should act, and all may yet be well.—Duties are mine—and thine, heavenly Father, are results. Overlook my infirmities, forgive all that needs forgiveness, sustain my weakness, and guide me by thine unerring wisdom. She fell on her knees to continue her supplication and pour out her full soul before her father in heaven—and when she rose, her heart, if not happy, was calm—her brow, if not cheerful, was serene.

Fred'k Westbury was an only child He never enjoyed the advantages of maternal instruction, impressed on the heart by maternal tenderness—for his mother died before he was three years old, and all recollection of her had faded from his memory. Judge Westbury was one of the most amiable, one of the best of men, but with regard to the management of his son, he was too much like the venerable Israelitish priest. His son, like other sons, often did that which was wrong, and he restrained them not. He was neither negligent in teaching or in warning but instruction and discipline did not as they ever should do, go hand in hand, and for want of this discipline, Frederick grew up with passions uncontrolled—with a will unsubdued He received a finished education, and his mind, which was of a high order, was richly stored with knowledge. His pride of character was great, and looked down with contempt on all that was dishonorable or vicious. He had a chivalrous generosity, and a frankness of disposition that led him to detest concealment or deceit. He loved or hated with his whole soul. In person he was elegant, his countenance was marked with intellect and strong feeling—and he had the bearing of a prince. Such was Frederick Westbury at the age of four and twenty.

About a year before his marriage, Frederick became acquainted with Maria Eldon, a young lady of great beauty of person, and fascination of manner, who at once enslaved his affections.—But against Miss Eldon, Judge Westbury had conceived a prejudice, and for once in his life was obstinate in refusing to indulge his son in the wish of his heart. He foresaw, or thought he did so, the utter ruin of that solid happiness should he so ally himself. He had selected a wife for his son, a daughter-in-law, for himself, more to his own taste. Julia Horton was possessed of all that he thought valuable or fascinating in women. Possibly Frederick might have thought so too, had he known her ere his heart was in possession of another but being pointed out to him as one to whom he must transfer his affections, he looked on her with aversion as the chief obstacle to the realization of his wishes.

Julia was born and had been educated, in a place remote from Judge Westbury's residence—but from time to time, business led him into that part of the country in which her parents resided. In her childhood she entwined herself around the heart of the Judge—and from that period he had looked on her as the future wife of his son. His views and wishes, however, were strictly confined to his own breast, until to the dismay, he found that his affections were entangled. This discovery was no sooner made, than he wrote a pressing letter to Julia, who was an orphan, to come and make him a visit of a few weeks. The reason he gave for inviting her was, that his health was rapidly declining—which was indeed too true—and he felt that her society would be a solace to his heart. Julia came—she saw Frederick heard his enlightened conversation—observed his polished manners—remarked the lofty tone of his feelings and giving the reins to her fancy, without consulting reason or prudence—she loved him.

Too late for her security, but too soon for her peace, she learned that he loved another. Dreading lest she should betray her folly to the object of her unsought affection, she wished immediately to return to her native place. But to this Judge Westbury would not listen. He soon discovered the state of her feelings, and it gave him unmingled satisfaction. It augured well for the success of his dearest earthly hope—and as his strength was rapidly declining, consumption having fastened her deadly fangs upon him to hasten him to the grave, he gave his whole mind to the accomplishment of his design At first his son listened to the subject with disgusted impatience—but his feelings softened as he saw his father sinking to the tomb—and in an unguarded hour, he promised him that he would make Julia his wife. Judge Westbury next exerted himself to obtain a promise from Julia that she would accept the hand of his son, and he rested not until they had mutually plighted their faith by the bed side.

To Frederick this was a moment of unmingled misery. He saw that his father was dying, and felt himself constrained to promise his hand to one woman, while his heart was in the possession of another.

Julia's emotions were of the most confiding character. To be the plighted bride of the man she loved, made her heart throb with joy, and her faith in her father's assurance that she would win his affections, sustained her hope, that his prediction would be verified. Yet when she marked the countenance of her future husband, her heart sank within her. She could not persuade herself into the belief, that its unmingled gloom arose slowly from grief at the approaching death of his father, she felt that he was making a sacrifice of his fondest wishes at the shrine of filial duty.

Judge Westbury died—and with almost his last breath he pronounced a blessing upon Julia his daughter—the wife of his son—most solemnly repeating his conviction that she would soon secure the heart of her husband.

Immediately on the decease of her friend and father, Julia returned home, and in three months, Frederick followed her to fulfill his promise. He was wretched, and would have given the world, had he possessed it, to be free from his engagement. But he never could be His word had been given to his father, and must be religiously redeemed. 'I will make her my wife,' thought he—'I promised my father that I would. Thank Heaven, I never promised that I would love her!' Repugnant as such a union was to his feelings, he was really impatient to have it completed—for as his idea of his duty and obligation went not beyond the bare act of making her his wife, he felt that that once done, he should be comparatively a free man.

'I am come,' said he to Julia, 'to fulfil my engagement. Will you name a day for the ceremony?'

His countenance was so gloomy, his manner so cold—so utterly destitute of tenderness, of kindly feeling, that something like terror seized Julia's heart—and, without making any reply, she burst into tears.

'Why those tears, Miss Horton?' said he, 'our mutual promise was given to my father it is fit that we redeem it.'

'No particular time was specified,' said Julia, timidly, and with a faltering voice. 'Is so much haste necessary?'

'My father wished that no unnecessary delay should be made,' said Frederick, 'and I see no reason why we should not as well be married now, as at any future period. If you consult my wishes you will name an early day.'

The day was fixed, and at length arrived, presenting the singular anomaly of a man eagerly hastening to the altar, to utter vows from which his heart recoiled, and a woman going to it with trembling and reluctance, though about to be united to him who possessed her undivided affections.

The wedding ceremony over, Mr. Westbury immediately took his bride to his elegantly furnished house, threw it open for a week to receive bridal visits—and then gladly obeyed a summons to New York to attend to some affairs of importance. On leaving home he felt as if relieved from bondage. A sense of propriety had constrained him to receive the congratulations of his friends with an air of satisfaction, at least, while those very congratulations congealed his heart, by bringing to mind the ties he had formed with one he could not love, to the impossibility of forming them with one whom he idolized. When he had been absent about ten days, he availed himself of an opportunity to send a verbal message to his wife, informing her that he was well, and should probably be at home in the course of two weeks, but when that period was drawing towards a close, his business was not completed, and as his house was the last place he wished to visit, he resolved to protract his absence, so long as he had reasonable excuse. 'I must write and inform her of the change in my plan,' thought he—decency demands it. Yet how shall I write? My dear Julia! my dear wife! no such thing—she is not dear to me?'

'She is my wife—she is Mrs. Westbury—she is mistress of my house and must share my fortune, let that suffice her! It must have been for these that she married me. A name! a fortune! an elegant establishment! Mean! ambitious! heartless! Thou, Maria—bright, beautiful and tender—thou wouldst have married me for myself! Alas. I am undone! Oh my father!' Under the influence of feelings like these, he wrote the laconic epistle which cost his bride so many tears.

It was at the close of about two weeks from this, that Julia was sitting one evening in her parlor, dividing the time betwixt her work and book, when the door bell rung, and a minute after the parlor door opened, and Mr. Westbury entered. With sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, she sprang forward, her hand half extended to meet his—but his ceremonious bow and cold 'good evening, Mrs. Westbury,' recalled her recollection—and scarcely able to reply to his civility, she sank back on her chair. She thought she was prepared to see him cold and distant—thought she expected it—but she had deceived herself. Notwithstanding all her ruminations on her husband's indifference towards her, there had been a little under current of hope, playing at the bottom of her heart, and telling her he might return more cordial than he went. His cold salutations and colder eye, sent her to her seat disappointed, sick at heart and nearly fainting. In a minute however, she recovered her self-possession, and made those inquiries concerning his health and journey, that propriety dictated. In spite of himself, she succeeded in some degree in drawing him out. She was gentle, modest, and obstrusive—and good sense and propriety were conspicuous in all she said. Besides, she looked very pretty. Her figure, though rather below the medium size, was very fine, her hand and foot of unrivalled beauty, She was dressed with great simplicity, but good taste was betrayed in every thing about her person. She wore her dress, too, with a peculiar grace, equally remote from precision and negligence. Her features were regular, and complexion delicate but the greatest attraction of her face, was the facility and truth, with which it expressed every feeling of the heart. When Mr. Westbury first entered the parlor, an observer might have pronounced her beautiful, as the bright glow of transient joy that then kindled on her cheek had faded away and left her pale—so pale, that Mr. Westbury inquired, with some little appearance of interest, 'whether her health was as good as usual?' Her voice which was always soft and melodious, was even softer than usual, as she answered 'that it was?'

(*To be Continued.*)

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY MAY 7, 1842.

HON. GEORGE H. PROFITT.

Our friend George is coming out again. He has made a tremendous breach upon the light house corps—a breach that some of the party concerned will be apt to feel for some time. He makes the Fifth Auditor appear very black, but no darker, perhaps, than he deserves. Nor can we understand why such men are retained in office.

Mr. P. produces the facts as he finds them on file in the Treasury Department—to be $7,000,000 from 1812 to 1840!

"From the year 1820 to the present time, the system has been under the control of the present Fifth Auditor, who since his accession to office, has expended more than six and a half millions of dollars, and has established one hundred and eighty-three lighthouses, thirty floating lights, besides numerous beacons and buoys, as will appear by his catalogue of lights—and he asserts that he has "kept them in a condition *of which he feels proud.*' (Sen. Doc. 138, 25th Cong. p. 34.)

"Kept them in a condition of which he feels proud." What is he proud of? Why that nineteen out of twenty of his light houses have tumbled down, owing to their foundations not being built in a workmanlike manner, and of course he "*feels proud*" that he has them to build up again. He can mean nothing else, as he produces no evidence of his assertions to the contrary. But the people have proved how far his veracity can be relied on, as follows:

A few extracts will show that either our lighthouses are of no value, and the expenditure of half a million per annum of little moment, or that the unanimous verdict of the gentlemen from whom the report emanated was considered unworthy of notice.

Lt. Manning reports out of order	7	establ's;			
Lt. Carpender	do	do	do	29	do.
Lt. Bache	do	do	do	28	do.
Lt. Porter	do	do	do	34	do.
Lt. Hollins	do	do	do	11	do.
Lt. Homans	do	do	do	6	do.
Capt. Rossean	do	do	do	4	do.
				119	do.

Half of all the lighthouses, &c. of the United States found to be in a state of dilapidation and decay, or kept in such bad condition as to be of little or no service to navigation!'

Here is proof of the "condition" of which the gentleman "is proud," and proves the maxim to the letter, that the man who praises himself is "either a fool or a knave."

The cost of building and re-building the same, after they fell down, is for light houses, exclusive of the keeper's salary and oil, as stated by Mr. P. is $342,997 75! This is what makes the pious gentleman feel "proud," money being the foundation and top-stone of his religion! What say you to this, Mr. Brooks, of the *New York Express?* Call you this "christianizing and civilizing the whole globe?" Something like the christianizing and civilizing of your own city elections.

And by the way, too, our pious friend, the Fifth Auditor, seems to have met with uncommon cause of gratifying his "pride in New York, a kind of hail fellow well met, viz—

The lightship off Sandy Hook, established in 1823, cost	$17,702 33
Repairs upon her in 1831	6,157 28
Maintenance to 1838, 15 years, at $6,500	97,500 00
Rebuilt in 1838, at a cost of	22,443 05
Official returns of cost in 3½ years	25,101 41
Cost in 18 years	$168,904 07
Carysfort reef lightship, established in 1825	$18,505 00
Rebuilt in six years after. viz. 1831, cost	19,584 47
Repairs upon her in 1838	1,108 12
Maintainance in 1841, at $7,000	119,000 00
Whole expense	158.107 59
Sandy Hook	168.904 07
Total	$327,101 66

This is equal to the Florida war. This New York seems to be the hot bed of Executive corruption. The Florida war, these light houses, (ships,) and custom house-and-Florida-war-contractors, has thrown hundreds of millions of dollars into New York,* enough to buy up every vote in the State for ten years to come, if they would refrain from fighting. No wonder they want Mr. Van Buren in the chair again—they feathered their nest well.

But what is remarkable in this lighthouse affair—two-thirds of this vast sum—seven millions—appears from the report to have been expended from 1838 to 1840, about the time of the Presidential election, and yet at this identical time, 119 of these establishments were reported "out of order." What went with the money? It added no doubt to some of Mr. Pleasanton's pride.

But the 5th Auditor has a partner in his pride, a certain Mr. Winslow Lewis, who appears to be his right hand man, and for aught any one knows, or can know, from the nature of the laws, the gentleman may be in partnership in more things than one. Let this be as it may, it must strike every one with surprise, that the Auditor who sounds his own praise for well doing, when he found this contractor, Mr. *Lewis*, botched his work, as the report testifies—did not turn him off and try another. There lies the mystery—perhaps, for special reasons, he is afraid.

At all events, if the President does not discard him, judging from the mere face of the report, Congress will do no more than an act of justice to the people, to stop his *pay*! The laws, too, are very defective—too many back doors there.

Besides the loss of human lives which occurred from the falling of one of these houses, is quite a serious affair.

THE BRANCH MINTS.

The prospect before us as a nation, we must confess, is not very flattering. The passage of the Loan Bill may yield a temporary mitigation of public distress. But no act of Congress—no influence of the Executive—no restraint of the Constitution—no act of State legislatures—no advantage of our fertile soil or fine commercial rivers—can make ROGUES HONEST MEN!

If they can, the sooner they set about it the better, for the time is not distant when no man's life or property will be safe. In fact the time *has* come. And though temporary relief may be obtained for a few brief months or years, yet this will by no means lessen the number of rogues and bad men who are bent upon the destruction of the country—when 'silk gowns" will be torn "from the backs of women, and fine broad cloth] off of the men."

Look round? Look at Rhode Island, New York and Boston, and some southern towns—see the robberies, murders, mobs, frauds, thefts, and the public money pilfered by knaves, and the public work left undone.

At our elections, instead of going peaceably to the polls and exercising their rights as proud Americans ought to do, they march with CLUBS and BRICK-BATS, and in such numbers as to block up the streets, knocking each other down as they would so many bullocks, or mad-dogs. These kind of men, if they deserve the name, have increased fifty fold during the last twelve years. What has done this? We answer politics and money religion, but chiefly as regards elections the unparalleled increase of government patronage! and nothing sets this in a clearer point of view, than the extravagance, and mismanagement of those three mint branches. They afford the best light on the nature of the late administration—its drift and its object—of any portion of the public business.

Here was a Presidential election at hand; (1838) voters were wanted. What a chance this, not only the officers of the mint, but every merchant, mechanic, manufacturer, &c. which furnished materials for the building might be counted on. Every one with half an eye can see through the whole of it. Nor, should we have dreamed of such things but for the alarm exhibited by the Globe, when the editors perceive the whole was coming out—which induced us to look at the report on those branches.

When we say the administration, we do not confine the remark to PRESIDENT VAN BUREN, but to the office holders and their confidential chiefs, called the Kitchen Cabinet, who kindly relieved Mr. V. B. [good easy soul] of all trouble of administering the government by taking matters in their own hands, and had it all their own way.

True, the aggregate amount swindled by those branches is not so large as in other cases, but the ratio per centum is unequalled by any case excepting always the Florida war.

The reports of the Georgia and North Carolina branches, will give the people a very clear insight into the *kind* of men which the Executive thought fit to patronize, and the best criterion to judge of the whole posse of those dens of corruption, denominated public works. But these are eclipsed by the New Orleans Branch.

The report of the latter is one tissue of the most shameless and barefaced imposition, and wanton waste of money, that the annals of any country can show, in proportion to the trust so basely abused.

The account was reported by Hon. Willis Green of the House, and published in the Intelligencer of last Saturday, and proves that every dollar coined in the branches cost the government $1,28 1-3, so that the coining of $2,884,708 cost the government $3,703,165 73: What can the Globe say to this? Why it calls putting down the branches "a war upon the currency." It may be called a war upon corruption and buying votes, but has nothing to do with currency, because the same sum could have been coined in the Philadelphia mint for "$818,457 72."

Another view of these impositions—we like to give the Globe fair play. "The cost of coining 100 pieces of coin at the Philadelphia mint in 1838, was $0 39."

"The cost of coining 100 pieces at the New Orleans mint the same year, 1838, was $15 46."

The cost of coining 100 pieces at the Charlotte mint, N. C. 1838, was $71 18." Well done, *Old Buncombe.*"

"The cost of 100 *pieces* at the Dahlonega Branch, Georgia, 1838, was $67 04." This is equal to the Florida war's war, where they paid upwards of fifteen dollars a bushel for coal, and *seven hundred* dollars per cord for wood.

But the building and re-building, not only every year, but every quarter—every month, week, day, hour, and Martin Gordon, twin brother of the Globe—the china spit-boxes, "rosewood desks, arm chairs," good for hard fisted mechanics. These can take it by turns to "rock-y by baby" one another, being plenty of them, &c. &c. &c. It is a real farce. We said half the bad deeds of "that" party were not unfolded.

It must have cut those conspirators deep to be thus openly exposed in presence of such men as *Senators King* and *Buchanan*, and a host of honest Democrats, with whom they claim kindred. Save the mark! Col. Benton made a motion to strike out books, or something like that.

Two days later from Amos. Rather feeble; thinks a little Treasury pap would be good for his complaint.

SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN.

We mean that young man clad in broadcloth and ruffles, and tasselled cap—with 'soap locks' dangling about his ears, and an ivory headed cane dangling about his legs. A few moments since, he was to be seen at the bar swallowing his glass of brandy and water. Presently you will see him with a segar in his mouth, in a chaise or gaily trimmed cutter, driving a smart trotting horse through the street. Hallo, there! young man! you are on the high road to ruin—soon you will drive down the steep precipice into everlasting disgrace! Rein back, put up your team; cast away your segar, lay off your broadcloth, abstain from the cup, procure some mechanical or agricultural tools—cultivate habits of industry or morality—aim to be an honest and useful man. By so doing you may yet retrieve a falling reputation, and make yourself a useful and respectable member of society.

AN ANECDOTE. We have been inclined to suppose that the disposition ascribed to females to conceal their ages, was rather speculative than correct—but a slight incident occurred at a late term of the Circuit Court, in this city, which puts the matter right. A bible was introduced, to prove the age of an individual. The names of various members of the same family appeared in long array, but the ages of some had evidently been obliterated and written anew. 'How is this?' said the opposing counsel to a respectable old lady who presented herself to vouch for the authenticity of the records. 'How came the figures altered?' The old lady was at first reluctant to tell, but on being pressed, tartly replied. 'Well, if you must know, the girls did it. They scratched out their ages, but I wrote them in again?' The answer amused the Court, but was perfectly satisfactory. So it must be held as a recognised law, that ladies do sometimes conceal their age.—[*L. I. Star.*

TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Snob, you say you are a temperate man, yet you chaw tobacker.

Hum! yes mum—but mum, I don't squeeze my gizzard out with stays, stick my back up with bags of meal—Mrs. Snob, I don't. *Exeunt* Mrs. Snob in a huff.

WARTS.—The bark of a willow tree, burnt to ashes and mixed with strong vinegar and applied to the parts, will remove all warts, corns or excrescences on any part of the body.

A dandy having taken into his head to eat no vegetables, being asked if he ever eat any in his life, answered, 'Yes, madam, I once eat a pea.'

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* We visited New York about five years after the new custom house was ordered to be built—found the floor flagged on the open square, while not an inch of the wall above ground was built. The superintendent had a shantee built on the floor, and was sitting there with, heaven knows how many assistants and clerks, looking at one another. "Why, sir, what have you been about. Two years ago I was here, and you have done nothing since." "Oh, we are waiting for the contractors to furnish stone." All at salaries. Seeing a huge piece of Italian marble lying on the floor, we asked "what it was intended for?" He replied "it was intended to ornament the top of the pillars of the building." "And the cost?" We forget the precise sum mentioned, but it was—for all the capsmore than would have built two such custom houses, and the State of New York itself abounding in marble.

We blowed the matter when we reached home, and the plan, which was to have cost $10,000,000, was, as we understand, given up. We hope the accounts of the building will be spread before the people—the amount of salaries alone will astonish the natives.

A dandy, who wanted the milk passed to him, at one of our taverns, thus asked for it—'Landlady, please to pass your cow down this way.' To whom the lady retorted—'Waiter, take this cow down to where the *calf* is bleating.'

The Distinction Between the Article 'a' and 'the.'—A Merry Andrew being asked by a young aspirant for fame to inform him by what means he might discover the difference between the indefinite article a and the definite article the? 'Why, sir,' said the clown, 'you are a fool, but I am the fool—that's the difference.'

The Deacon for Me!'—'Papa,' said one of his boys to the Deacon, 'I had a funny dream last night.

'Well, son, what was your funny dream!

'I dreamed the devil came into your store.'

'The devil!'

'Yes, pa, the devil—that he found you drawing a glass of gin for poor Ambo James, who has fits, and broke a little baby's arm the other day, because she cried when he came home drunk. And *I* thought the devil came up to the counter and laid the end of his tail on a chair and leaned over towards where you were stooping to draw it out, and asked if you wasn't a deacon. And I thought you did'nt look up, but said you was—and then he grinned and shook his tail like a cat that has a rat, and says to me, 'that 'ere's the deacon for me!' and ran out of the shop laughing so loud that I put my fingers in my ears and woke up.

The deacon quit the traffic and joined the Washington Temperance Society.

Mr. Heron, a minister, had a large family of children. When dying, his weeping wife said, 'alas! what will become of all these children?' He raised his head, and pleasantly replied, 'Never fear—he that feeds the young ravens won't starve the young Heron.'

The following is from some new work, and contains readings both novel and new—

A Country School.—'Bible dictionary class, come up!' said our country Schoolmaster.

'Who was Lot's wife.

'The pillow of salt wot Moses laid his head on when he went up to Mount Sinai to offer his son Isaac up, coz he had no sheep but himself to do likewise.'

'What is said about Jonah!'

'Jonah swallowed up a whale, and was vomited up the third day with a passed of gourd seed which he gave to the Queen of Sheba for mending his trowsers, which he burst in strainin' to get out of the lion's den, where Daniel had been eatin pulses and Pease's candy.'

'Did, you ever present your account to the defendant!' enquired a lawyer of client. 'I did, your honor.' 'And what did he say!' He told me to go the devil.' 'And what 'did you do then!' 'Why, then I came to you.'

A certain actor of Hamblin's company, says the New York Aurora, so celebrated for his blunders, that he hourly expected his discharge, had these lines to speak the other evening 'My pistols are discharged! I am unarmed!' Instead of which he gave 'My pistols are unarmed!' and casting a look of dismay towards Hamblin, concluded—'and I am discharged!'

A gentleman being called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, objected, 'because,' said he, 'my wife gives me a gratuitous lecture every evening.'

Poets talk of the music of the spheres, the melodious babbling of brooks, dulcet notes of the feathered songsters, the voice of love, and all that sort of thing, but our Job thinks the merry peal of the dinner bell superior to them all. Job's right for once.

[*Susq. Adv.*]

On Friday last a party of about forty, among whom were several of our most respectable youth, left this city for Texas, via Apalachicola, on a hunting excursion—taking with them good implements and munitions.—*Enq.*

'Are fond of novels?' Mr. Jenkins?' said Miss Angelica Feliciana Potts. 'Yes mam, very—especially when they are fried with green peas, and served up with horse-radishes.' Mis Angelica fainted.

A wag went to a dentist on the first of April, desiring to have his head pulled because it ached. The dentist very quietly pulled his ears and charged him a five dollar piece!

POETRY.

OLD IRELAND.

Old Ireland! old Ireland!
The Isle that gems the sea,
Though far away from freedom's land
My heart would have thee free;
Free as the wave that beats along
Bright golden days of yore—
When all things wore a sunny smile
Within the ancient Emerald Isle!

Thy hills and valleys glitter green
Amid the ocean air—
And chrystal streams throw back the sheen
In softened lustre there.
The very skies that grow in light
The fresh and early breeze—
All seem to whisper 'rise in might,'
Assert thy liberties—
Then shall thy people joy the while
Far o'er the fair—the Emerald Isle!

Too long, too long oppression's rod
Hath ruled thy fertile shore—
But now the King of Battles—'God,'
Decrees thy slavery o'er.
The yoke that bears the banner down
Shall soon be cast away.
And with it fear of haughty frown
That dims the fairest day—
And yet shall dwell fair liberty,
Within the Isle that gems the sea!

Thy hardy sons, the brave and true
Rise up from every dell—
From every hill side bathed in blue,
Their goodly numbers swell!
And now their voice is like the sourd
Of waters rolling by—
Whose thunder shakes the hills around,
'Till cave and mount reply—
Arise! arise! then through the land
Strike deep for home and Ireland.

R. P. H.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND YOUNG.

BY. C. H. GARBER.

Ye upon whose cheeks yet gleameth,
All the mellow tints of youth—
Ye whose gentle bosoms teemeth
With the tones of love and truth.
Ye who spurn the thought of sorrow,
Heed no sight that care may own,
Ye who greet the coming morrow,
In the form of joy alone.

Ye whose eyes are always brightest,
'Midst the lovely and the fair.
Ye whose step is always lightest,
In the busy halls of care.
Ye who live on joy's caresses,
Chant the songs that hope hath sung.
You my muse her lay addresses,
You the *B*eautiful and Young.

The Beautiful, how sorrow lightens,
When the lovely meet our eyes.
The Beautiful—the name e'en brightens
Up the gloom that care supplies.
The golden hair, the sweet lip smiling
Through its veil of rosy red—
The sinless breast, whose heaves beguiling,
Round the heart a halo shed.

The Young—whose smiles of joy unborrow'd
Speak their sum of hope and bliss—
Whose shining cheeks, by care unforrowed,
Fair and Virtue stoop to kiss.
Hope, that as the bright sun beaming,
Lends their day an endless light.
Refreshing sleep and blissful dreaming,
Check the silent gloom of night.

Hope, Faith, Joy and Love? O! never
Let your harp-strings be unstrung—
But still sing on, sing on forever,
To the Beautiful and young.

When the last cord shall be riven,
The harp upon the willow hung,
Its dying strain shall chant in heaven,
To the Beautiful and Young.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pa. Av. facing *Centre Market*, formerly occupied by *John Lloyd*, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience, and comfortable apartments little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants:

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23, 1840.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—Printed and published by A. M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

Terms of Subscription—$3 per annum, $2 if paid in advance $1,25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each insertion. No yearly advertising admitted. These terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisements affords no interest to the readers.

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MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING USINESS, in all its branches, on Penn avenue between Third and Four-and a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c., made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.

MRS. HALL'S BOARDING HOUSE,

Pennsylvania Avenue,

NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL

WASHINGTON.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted staid or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldridge's Balm of Columbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel, British Consuls Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

Daring Fraud.—This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have bokly the name of L.COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

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Wholesale Druggists, New York

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Manufactured by James Jack.

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Do grain, Calf and Kip welted, do.
Do coarse thick do.
Do Brogans and Monroe do.
Do pumps and Calf . . shoes.
BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal, and Morocco walking do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above.

JAMES H BIRCH.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, formerly kept by John Hand jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season, both in the eating and drinking way. Gentlemen will please call and taste for themselves.

Mar 1840 J. W. DEXTER.

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Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of Sixth street and Penn. Av. where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and strangers, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public in general for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

DEPOT HOUSE."

This is a new tavern recently opened by Michal McDermott, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

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The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for the reason.

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The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skilful and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

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SHERWOOD'S ELECTRO MAGNETC REMEDIES FOR CHRONIC DISEASES of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver, of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhagia or Females complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system; they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebræ and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-Galvanic symptom, and they may be cured by these Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principals of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter, either in a negative or positive state of electro, and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs, seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro Magnetic remedies are the only preparation applicable to this prevailing class of diseases, and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them the symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the rections contained in the work which accompanies them without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success with dieting or inconvenience.

NOTICE.

As there will be but one boat on the route on Sunday, the PHENIX will make five trips on that day between Washington and Alexanderia.

Leaving Alexandria at 3 and 10 A. M. and 1, 3, and 5 o'clock P. M.

Leaving Washington at 9 and 11 A. M. and two 4, and 6 o'clock P. M:

JAMES GUY, Jr, Captain;

NEW GUIDE *TO* WASHINGTON,

by G. Watterston, Esq—The above work is just published, with a frontispiece of the Statue of Washington by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of washington, and its progress and improvements since its origin—the citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to all its object of curiosity, and to every thing else that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it, or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture of washington, though not a mere picture book—all its institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but satisfactorily described. It sketches its usages customs, manners, and religious and moral tone, of its society—public buildings, literary, social and other institutions—its location, the condition of the legal and medical professions—its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful, local; and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess. Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other, of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the book-store of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania, avenue.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory

AND

UPHOLSTERER

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the rail-road depot and Capitol gate will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Low Bedsteads

Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)

Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables

Wardrobes, Bedsteads

Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs

Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington.

Persons wishing to exchange their old furniture

CONFECTIONARY

THE SUBSCRIBER having removed from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, below the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of article in his line; Cakes of every description, Candies in every variety, Fruit Nuts, &c. H. BARNS

FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S,

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th streets,

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following

Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broccli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale or Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch Lettuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red, and silver. Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, Large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Spnage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise a the new varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices.

☞☞ Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

GERMAN HOTEL,

BY

CHARLES ROSENTHAL.

The proprietor has removed to the south side of Penn. Avenue, between 12th and 13th sts. to the House lately occupied by C. COLTMAN, where he will be happy to entertain his old customers and strangers.

THE GENUINE VEGEABLE PILL—An effectual cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleets. Strictures. &c. &c. Of all the remedies yet discovered for the cure of these complaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a perfect cure. They are mild and pleasant to take, yet powerful in their action, and may be taken without the knowledge of the most intimate friend These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For sale by & W Young, jr. C Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; C T and T et Jardella, corner of 12th and the avenue Wade on 7th street.

Georgetown, O by Linthicum

PROPOSALS.

FOR

PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION

The Authentic Report of the Controversial Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev THOMAS MAGUIRE, and Rev R. T P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most remarkable controversal discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty-one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary vidity, and in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhusted to the last copy; and the demand for it from all quarters, Catholic and Protestant, being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price as to put it within the reach of all without puressing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents:—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, Willing-Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon Utica, N. Y.;—r.T Mathew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.;—Mr. Peter Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this great controversy has converted more sectarians to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the United States It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the value most.

Mr. JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in particular, that has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn-Avenue, near the Railroad Depot. formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store where he will be happy to see them, and at the office of the National Intelligencer elsewhere he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, with every article in the Grocery line.

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabetes or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the urethra of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure. and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

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PRINT IN BINDI